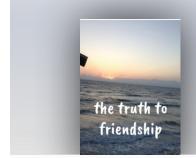


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The Truth to Friendship















Chapter 1 by Story Wars

jade my best friend

My best friend is obviously Cleo. She always stuck up for me, always told me the truth. Even when she felt like she couldn't. She was definitely the truth to friendship. I think. Mason, now he's a different story. Completely. He's... dreamy. He was about 6' tall and the had brown straight hair and dark green eyes. He was very athletic, always played basketball or soccer when we had the choice in Gym. He was one year older than me, I was 16, the was 17. Mason is different. He is not someone I would talk about everything to, like Cleo. Mason was sorta the person I would just ask "How was soccer practice?" to and send only pictures of me with makeup on my face on Snapchat. Not the person who I would ask "Don't you have a crush on him?" to at sleepovers and send pictures of me just waking up or pictures of me all sweaty after I worked out on the weekends on Snapchat. That was Cleo.

Cleo and Mason were very different. Cleo's, well, my best friend. She's 17, so older than me. But, she doesn't act like she's older. She acts like a 3 year old. She has red hair, freckles all over her face, and bright blue eyes. Like, bright. I think it's funny that she has red hair, because usually I associate red hair with irish or scottish people. But she speaks british. Her parents

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and a blue frilly shirt that said 'all you need is love' with a heart behind it. I don't wear much fancy stuff either. I usually wear athletic and Simply Southern shirts.

Write a draft for chapter 2 of 8

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